

COMMENTS and LETTERS

IT DOES DO ME GOOD

Dear Vyts: Your Christmas issue was a dandy, and I enjoyed it very much. It would do your heart good to hear some of the comments and to know actually how many people read and enjoy VILTIS. I for one pass it on and I'm "in the know" that it doesn't stop off when it has been read there but goes on to another person who is just as enthusiastic about reading it. Your style of writing is exactly what the public wants, and I am sure that VILTIS will someday be all that your dreams would have it. You see, there are many who share that same dream. It is something that a few periodicals can match in friendliness. I hope that it won't be long before Christmas issue will be comparatively small.

As Always, Bobbe
Robert Waitches, S 2/C
Pacific.

OF INTEREST TO ALL

Dear Fin: Two very fine things happened to me today. At noon came your Christmas issue of VILTIS and in the evening came a letter. Both were great.

And speaking of VILTIS, your Christmas issue was right in there with the quality. Tell me what kind of letters are you getting concerning the type of paper you're turning out? Do people approve of your editorials plugging social justice? I do. I'm for you and your endeavor to do some good through your paper.

Incidentally, one tribute to your paper is that is interests guys who know absolutely nothing of the people it discusses. As I write this one my Nisei roommates are pouring through it's pages. More than once I've noticed that the people I lend it to are just as interested as they would be if they knew all the people you write about. And it isn't just because the guys over here will read anything. They like your paper.

Always your friend, Jim.
Lt. James Casebere
Tokyo, Japan.

FROM MY FATHER CONFESSOR

Dear Fin: My, I am proud of your getting along so well and, now, even to the teaching. Good: You are marching along and we are still here thinking many a thought of you. Congratulations!

The Paper is really good and most interesting. God bless and keep you and continue on with the cheerful smile just as you had when you were with us.

Sincerely, Geo. G. McHardy, S. J.
Spring Hill College
Spring Hill, Ala.

A GRATEFUL READER:

Dear Vyts. I wish to thank you most heartily for sending me "Viltis." The intimate personal touch of your publication makes it unique and interesting. Like many of your readers I read every bit of it. It interested me to know that Patty McLean still continues her interest in folk-dancing. I receive a word from time to time, and oftentimes we exchange notes on the lovely experiences we had at International House when we danced under your supervision.

Please consider me as one of your grateful readers.

Sincerele yours,
Alfredo Manat, Howe, Ind.

A TRIP TO SUISSE



Cpl. George Bernie Klumpp is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Klump of Fairhope, Ala.

Hello and how are you all? I'm now back in Manheim after a nice trip to Switzerland. They have nine different tours going to Switzerland. We got No. 2. We had to get money exchanged. We were only allowed to change \$46.00 into Swiss money. That isn't much.

Our first Swiss city was Basel. We were called at the Customs office and Swiss men searched our bags for any extra clothing or stuff. After that we were told by the guide that we could walk around to see the city, but to be back at a certain time to leave for Berne. It was funny and nice to see everything in order, stuff in the store windows and people doing business. In Basil, as only natural, we started looking for the Men's rest room. We finally found it under "Miseurs", so in we walked. As we entered, there stood a middle aged woman. "What is this?" we said? After a minute we saw a sign saying "10 Centimes." The woman was making change and going about her business, while all the men stood in their stables attending their business. We paid her when finished. But all the time we were about to die laughing—it was so funny. We couldn't get over the presence of a woman and the paying for the use of a public rest room. That was the only place where we had to pay, and it's a good thing or we would have been broke before we strated our tour.

In Berne we paid a guide a Franc who took us all over the city. We walked down the streets like big mob. We saw the Capitol building and many other important buildings. From there we went Sierre and had supper at our hotel. It was good. Their cooking is good and everything is fixed just so. They serve soup with dinner and supper at all times. Some things are odd ... Breakfast for instance—all they ever serve are rolls and coffee.

Thenext day we went into the mountains to a place called Montana. We went up in a cable car. It took about 45 minutes. Boy, was it a steep climb! It was beutiful there. Snow and mountains and more mountains in the distance and Sierre way down in the valley. The village had swell little stores containing everything. It was like being in another world. We hated to leave, but had to catch the trolly to be at the hotel for dinner. That afternoon we left for the next city. The most it ever takes between cities are a couple of hours. In Switzerland all trains are electrified and real nice, and on time always. We got to Montreux and taken up to the hotell in the mountains on another cable car. The whole place consists

of hotels, in fact, every city seems to be composed of hotels. This place was very beautiful and situated on the largest Swiss Lake, Lake Geneva. And where we were we could look down and see the whole city and the lake. On the far side were huge snow-capped mountains. From there we went to Geneva. In Montreaux we did a lot of window-shopping. They have beautiful stores and plenty of merchandise and display their wares with artistry and taste. It sure looks nice after coming from Germany. There are plenty jewelry and watches of all kinds and sizes. We G-I's always have to stop and look at them. We didn't have much money. Boy, we were like misers counting every cent. If they only allowed us more money so we could buy lots of things.

In Geneva we did more window-Shopping and picture taking. It is a large and a beautiful city. First we were taken the League of Nations building was. It is a large building that has cost ten million dollars to build. We also saw the American Red Cross Building. There, all records of all interness and all prisoners of the war are kept. They had files and names by the thousands. We were asked if we had any friends who were prisoners and we could look up their records, to show us how it worked, I wish now I had looked up Ben Rial's case (Capt. Rial, of Fairhope, was a prisoner of the Japanese since Bataan. He his now released and back home. VFB).

We left Switzerland to be back in DEAD Manheim for Christmas.

As Always, Bernie
George Bernard Klumpp
Manheim, Germany.



FINNY'S FUNNIES

1st Driver: "Is this Main Street?"

2nd Driver: "Yes"

1st Driver: "Well, would you mind letting me have a little more of it?"

little more of it?"

Andy was busy with a spade in the mud besides his car when a passing stranger hailed him. "Stuck in the mud?"

"Oh, no," replied Andy. "My engine died and I'm digging a grave for it."

Pop: "Who was that wild woman I saw you out with?"

Son: "She is not wild, pop. Anyone can pet her."

Customer entering restaurant to waitress: "What's cookin', good lookin'?"

Waitress: "I am. I just saw Van Johnson."

Customer: "This soup is cold!"

Waitress: "Who told you?"

Customer: "A little swallow."

Customer: "Can you serve me a dinner that will give me indigestion right away instead of at 3:00 a. m.?"

An old-timer, hash marks elbow deep, was entertaining a bunch of rookies with his fighting record.

"... And I fought with General MacArthur, I fought with General Pershing, I fought with Uncle Joe Stillwell, I ...

"Quarrelsome, ain't you," interrupted a bored rookie. "Didn't you serve under anyone you agreed with?"

BABIES

Margaret Isabelle made her debut at the Arnot-Ogden Memorial Hospital in Elmira, N. Y., on February 20th, joining the ranks of the others born in the month of the great. Her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Theodore Hunt and little Barbara, are all thrilled with the event. Mrs. Hunt is the former Sandy Beach who was the secretary of the Central Western States YWCA and a great folk dance patron. To the Hunts we extend our sincerest congratulations.

WEDDING BELLS

Cerny-Valverde

Our Superb Balerina, Edna Irene Cerny, who for the last few years toured every large city of our country dancing at exclusive night spots, was married on Feb. 21, 1946, at the Church of Jesus Christ of Later Day Saints (Mormon.) The "Lucky Man" was Estaban (Steve) Valverde.

VILTIS extends congratulations to these newly weds and wishes for a very happy wedded life together.

Matecunas-Tumosa

February 24th, saw the marriage of two LYS members, Jane Matecunas and Arthur Tumosa. The wedding took place at St. Agnes Church and reception was catered at Syrenas Cafe. In the wedding party were Lil Dulys, Maid of Honor; Jackie and Patsie McNamara and Laverne Tumosa, sister of the bridegroom, were Bride's Maid's; Kazy Dulys, Best Man; and Vyts Beliajus, Emil Wambay and Algird Balchunas, cousin of the bridegroom, ushers.

Jane, an LYS member of long standing, played many important roles in the club. During our folk ballet "Our Lady of Vilna," Jane took the part of the Madonna and won quite an acclaim for that role. She and Patsie helped quite a bit addressing envelopes for VILTIS.

Artie is also an LYS member of long standing. Both are folk festival vets. Artie was discharged from the Army a few months ago. He was a Staff Sergeant with the Air Force and participated in 7 tough battles and invasions. To both, VILTIS and LYS extend their sincerest congratulations for a happy and a long wedded life together.



PRAYER

By Rabbi Abraham Heschel

of the Jewish Thelological Seminary of America
New York

"To pray is to take notice of the wonder, to regain the sense of mystery that animates all beings, the divine margin in all attainments. Prayer is our humble answer to the inconceivable surprise of living. It is all we can offer in return for the mystery by which we live.

"Who is worthy to be present at the constant unfolding of time? Amidst the meditations of mountains, the humility of flowers—wiser than all the alphabets—clouds that die constantly for the sake of beauty, we are hating, hunting, hurting. Suddenly we feel ashamed of our clashes and complaints in the face of the tacit greatness of nature. It is so embarrassing to live! How strange we are in the world, and how presumptuous our doings! Only one response can maintain us: gratefulness for witnessing the wonder, for the gift for our unearned right to serve, to adore and to fulfill."